

WIZ

ARE
RADIO ONE DJs
**THICK
AS
SHIT?**

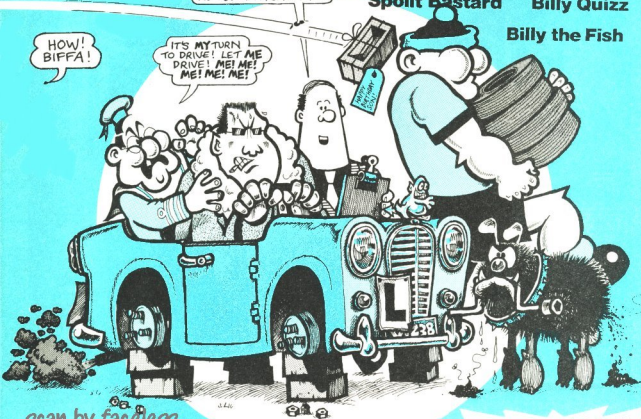


RIGHT, MR. VERN. WHEN
I SAY THE WORD "BOLLOCKS"
I WOULD LIKE YOU TO STOP THIS
VEHICLE SAFELY AND UNDER
CONTROL AS IF A DOG HAD
RUN OUT IN FRONT OF YOU.

**Johnny Fartpants Big Vern
Roger Mellie Brian Trousers
Spoilt Bastard Billy Quizz
Billy the Fish**

HOW!
BIFFA!

IT'S MY TURN
TO DRIVE! LET ME
DRIVE! ME! ME!
ME! ME! ME!



scan by faceless

SAVE OUR SAUSAGES

**FROGS TRY TO BAN BRITISH
BREAKFAST!**



**WIN a TON
of MONEY!**

PLUS

Happy Days are here
again with our **FREE**

World War II
board game!



SHIT THICK!

Shame of D.J.'s who cannot spell their names

Many of Radio One's top disc jockeys are so stupid they are unable to spell their own names. And at least one of the highly paid 'jocks' is TOTALLY ILLITERATE.

These are the shock claims being made by Randy Blenkinsop, 38, who has been a disc jockey himself for over twenty years.

PLANK

"Many of the so-called 'top names' on Radio One are as thick as short planks," Randy told us, speaking from the garden shed which has become home to his booming 'disco' hire operation. "In fact I heard from a very good source that only one daytime DJ in the current Radio One line up has any academic qualifications at all - a solitary CSE in domestic science."

SIMPLE

Randy claims that even the simplest links between records have to be scripted and rehearsed over and over again before the simple jocks can get them right. "One popular DJ had to be sent to night classes before he took over the Top Forty Show. He was unable to read the chart countdown, and had never counted up to forty before."

DAFT

"Every single show is recorded weeks in advance, and it often takes them 10 or 12 hours just to record a simple 3 hour show."

Randy denies that there is any element of sour grapes in his accusations, but admits that he has been refused auditions for Radio One on several occasions. "I've sent them tapes before, but they didn't even bother replying. One of the reasons is probably that I'm tall and fairly good looking. It's a well-known fact in the business that most of the Radio One guys are less than 5 feet tall, and alongside me they'd look a bit daft."

Indeed Randy claims that BBC boffins use special effects to make their DJs appear normal when they appear on TV. "When they do Top Of The Pops you never see their feet. That's because they always stand on boxes. And they always get loads of people to stand around them. That's so you can't see how fat they are." Randy claims that one DJ stands a mere 4 feet 6 inches tall, and weighs in at almost 18 stone. "He has to spend 10 hours in make-up before they allow him on Top Of



Top Radio One DJ 'Diddy' David Hamilton. We have no evidence to suggest that he is unintelligent. However he is quite short.

The Pops. If you met him in the street you'd run a mile," said Randy.

Randy has no regrets having missed out on a Radio One career. "It's their loss, not mine," he insists. "In fact, if they offered me a job tomorrow, I'd probably turn it down. And in any case I'm fully booked doing Christmas discos most weekends from now until January."

BROS BREAK MANDY'S HEART

A fourteen year old teenage girl has been heartlessly snubbed by her idols Bros.

HEARTBROKEN

Pop fan Mandy Jones was left heartbroken after the incident, and has vowed never to buy another record by the heart throb group.

BIRTHDAY

Mandy, a Bros fan for over 2 years, sent a letter to twins Matt and Luke Goss inviting them to her fourteenth birthday party at her home in Helmsdale, Northern Scotland. But as Mandy's father Bill explained, on the day of the party the Goss twins simply failed to turn up.

"We waited as long as we could, and eventually the party went ahead without them," he told us. "Mandy was in tears. She'd been looking forward to meeting them, and had told all her friends that they'd be there".

DESPICABLE

Mandy has now given away her collection of Bros records, and has vowed never to listen to the group again. "Pop stars simply don't care about their fans, even though it's the fans they owe their success to, said Bill. "It's despicable the way they treat them".

VIPERS

A spokesman for Bros's record company told us that the Goss twins had been in America at the time, and would have had to cancel their tour in order to attend the party.

PEDAL AWAY THOSE TAG-NUT BLUES WITH CLAG-GONE!

NEW

A UNIQUE BREAKTHROUGH IN RINGPIECE TECHNOLOGY

CARBON FIBRE BRISTLES PROVIDE OVER 1,000 HOURS OF CLAG REMOVAL

FOR WHEN WIPING SIMPLY ISN'T ENOUGH.

3 SPEED CLING-ON REMOVAL AT THE FLICK OF A SWITCH.

IT'S GOODBYE WINNITS

ERADICATE CLEFT DISCOMFORT

LEAVES YOUR GUSSET LEMON FRESH.

Gets rid of -

- Winnits
- Cling-Ons
- Tag-Nuts
- Dangleberries

It's yours for **ONLY £299.99**

CLAG-AWAY LTD. BOX 1, PONTEFRAC

BEFORE AFTER

INDUSTRIAL STRENGTH DETERGENT ENSURES COMPLETE WINNIT REMOVAL.

INTENSIVE COMA WARD.

WHY DON'T YOU COME ROUND FOR A COFFEE SOME TIME?



TOM, I'VE GOT A GREAT IDEA FOR A NEW SHOW - AND IT'S DIRT CHEAP!

FORGET IT ROGER, I'M NOT INTERESTED

ROGER CROOK HAS BEEN BEATEN UP AGAIN WHILE FILMING HIS HARD HITTING NO NONSENSE INVESTIGATIVE DOCUMENTARY SHOW 'THE CROOK REPORT'. SO WE WANT YOU TO TAKE OVER FROM HIM THIS WEEK



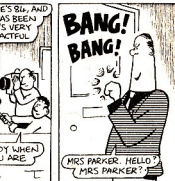
THE MAN ON THE TELLY



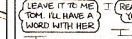
NOW, BEFORE YOU RUSH INTO THIS ROGER, REMEMBER THIS IS **INVESTIGATIVE T.V. JOURNALISM**. IT'S ABOUT RIGHTING WRONGS AND EXPOSING CRIMINALS. YOU'LL COME FACE TO FACE WITH SOME PRETTY NASTY CHARACTERS, AND THINGS MIGHT GET A LITTLE ROUGH AT TIMES...



BUT THE FUCKER FIRST, ASK QUESTIONS LATER. THE BEST FORM OF DEFENCE IS ATTACK. YOU KNOW THAT. I KNOW THAT. COME ON TOM, LET'S GO GET 'EM!!



BUT REMEMBER, WE WANT TO AVOID TROUBLE WHENEVER POSSIBLE. WE WANT TO ASK QUESTIONS, THAT'S ALL JUST QUESTIONS... OKAY ROGER?

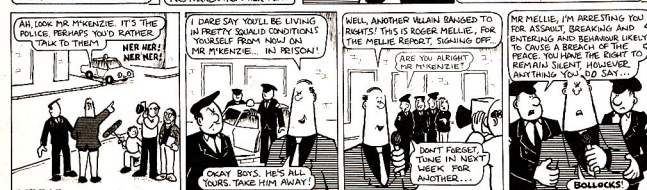
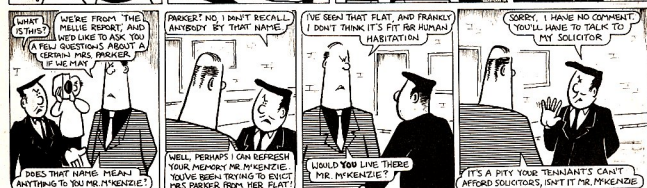


HELP! GET OUT! LEAVE ME ALONE! PLEASE - GO AWAY!!

ROGER! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE!!

COME ON ROGER, JUST CALM DOWN. WE'LL GO OUTSIDE, COME ON

NO-ONE FUCKS ME ABOUT, TOM!!



Letterbooks

Viz Comic
P.O. Books 1PT
Newcastle upon Tyne
NE99 1PT



I thought my slipper was a beetle!

I was enjoying a nice cup of tea in my front room when I suddenly caught sight of what I thought was a large beetle out of the corner of my eye. Luckily it was just my slipper that I had kicked off the night before.

N. Blackett-Ord
Ashton-under-Lyme

I don't accept all this nonsense that's talked about enamel buckets. I am 52 and can strongly recommend them. When I was carrying my son, Jason, I always used an enamel bucket and now he's a strapping six-footer.

Mrs. Paula Mills
Coventry

Three cheers

for the train drivers!

I think train drivers deserve a large pay rise. The skill required in their job is vastly under-rated. How they steer long trains around bends and manage to keep them on those thin rails is a miracle. Tube drivers deserve even more as they do it in the dark.

Ian Allden
Leeds

"The train arriving on platform 4 is the 18.35 to Staines" said the announcer at my local railway station. Expecting the train to arrive ON the platform I jumped for the safety of the track, whereupon I was hit squarely by an Intercity 125. When are British Rail going to get it right and give their fare-paying passengers accurate information.

D. Silcock
Bracknell

If scientists positioned a large concave mirror in orbit around the earth, the sun's rays would fall on Britain during the night as well as the day, and we could become the world's leading tomato growers.

Dr. Granville Canty
Hebden Bridge

I agree with S. Jones (last issue) that consumer terrorism has gone too far. Yesterday I dropped a jar of strawberry jam on the kitchen floor. Luckily for me it broke because as I was clearing it up, I found hundreds of fragments of broken glass hidden in the jam. I shudder to think what could have happened had I not dropped it.

A. Guindi
Lee Green

Last week I bought a £750 telescope to watch the recent lunar eclipse. The appointed time came and went but the moon did not seem to eclipse. Imagine my disappointment when I realised I'd been watching a street lamp 30 miles away.

P. Turton
Leeds

999/'99'

Mix-Up

I was hit and seriously injured by a speeding car on a zebra crossing recently, while out shopping with my 3-year-old daughter. She seemed quite unimpressed by all the commotion and sat happily playing with her toys while a passerby called for an ambulance. When it eventually arrived her eyes lit up. "Mummy, can I have a 999?", she asked. The poor darling had mistaken the ambulance for an ice-cream van.

Mrs. V. Liar
Redding

Tell it like it is, on the letters page in Viz

Why provide free parking spaces in towns for people who carry a "disabled" parking badge. If I paid 50p to park in a car-park and then developed a headache, I wouldn't expect to get my money back. The trouble with these people is that they want everything for nothing.

Mr. W. Herringbone
Falmouth

What's all this fuss about free eye tests. The only people who object to paying for check-ups are the so-called do-gooders, most of whom wear glasses already. Why should I, and others like me, who have perfectly good eyesight pay higher taxes to subsidise treatment for the blind?

Mr. G. Brown
Berkling

I clean my teeth

I am 82 years of age and have never once gone to bed without brushing my teeth thoroughly, even during the war. Can any other readers better this?

Mrs. Patricia Hamilton
Bury St. Edmonds

Well, can you? Are you and old person who has stuck rigidly to a routine involving personal hygiene? Perhaps you have cut your toenails at the same time each week, or cleaned the wax out of your ears with monotonous regularity. Write and let us know. Send your letters to our letter-box address and mark them "Geriatric Hygiene Habits".

My husband had always dreamt of being a professional footballer. But after serving in the merchant navy during the war and then on the railways, he ended up working in insurance until his recent retirement. But now, at 68, he has taken up football again. He has been in training for over a month, and has written to several clubs asking for a trial.

It only goes to show - you're never too old to change your career.

Mrs. E. Brookes
Brinkley

Holiday friendship continues

During a recent holiday at a cottage in the countryside my 4-year-old son made a rather unusual friend - a cow that lived in a field nearby. When our holiday was over he was heart-broken at having to part with his new pal. He was still in tears hours later after our long journey home.

You should have seen his face light up when I led him out into our back garden. My husband had somehow managed to get the cow into the back of our car and had found it a new home - in our coal-shed. Needless to say our son is delighted.

Mrs. E. Redmund
Swansea

Prison Governors who claim their prisons are overcrowded should face the sack. During the war I served on submarines. 200 of us were forced to live, eat and sleep on a submarine no bigger than a double-decker bus. And we didn't complain either.

These governors are supposed to be running prisons - not 4-star hotels.

Able Seaman D. McGough
(Retired)
Cumbernauld

Do you think our prisons are over-crowded? Are the inmates getting a raw deal, or do they deserve everything they get? Perhaps you're in prison. If so, write and tell us how much room you've got. Enclose a sketch if necessary. Send your letters to our usual address and mark the envelopes "How much room we've got in prison".

While out playing football recently my 68-year-old husband suffered a heart attack and died.

Let this be a warning to other elderly folk. Too much exercise, especially in later life, can be a dangerous thing.

Mrs. E. Brookes
Brinkley



Black BAG

THE FAITHFUL
BORDER BIN LINER



After being released from hospital Andrew took Bag for a fishing holiday in a place called Ullapool.



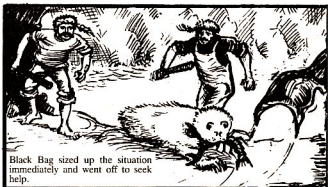
"Guard the catch boy", said Andrew as he went off to explore a nearby cove.



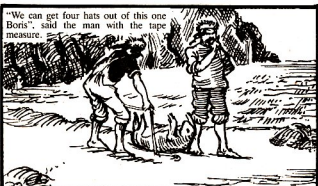
Bag was joined by a baby seal. The kindly binliner took to the youngster and offered him some fish.



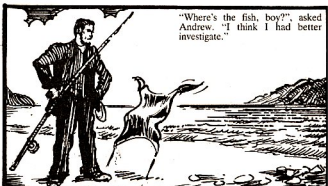
The pals did not notice a strange boat that slid onto the beach.



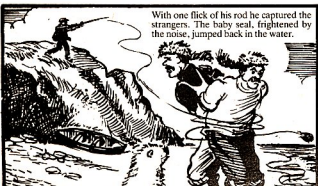
Black Bag sized up the situation immediately and went off to seek help.



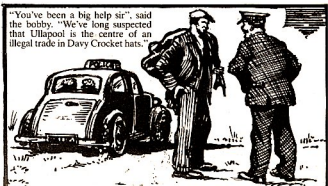
"We can get four hats out of this one Boris", said the man with the tape measure.



"Where's the fish, boy?", asked Andrew. "I think I had better investigate."



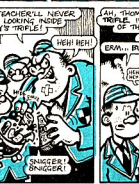
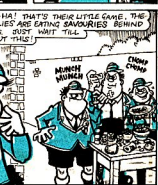
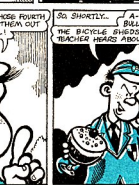
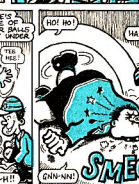
With one flick of his rod he captured the strangers. The baby seal, frightened by the noise, jumped back in the water.



"You've been a big help sir", said the bobby. "We've long suspected that Ullapool is the centre of an illegal trade in Davy Crockett hats."

Tommy

AND HIS Trifle



FARTPANTS



QUACK!

WELL, READERS, WITH MUM AND DAD TRANSFIXED BY THE TELLY I CAN HELP MYSELF TO THE MOST PUMPSOME GOODIES THIS LOT SHELD CAUSE A COMMISSION DOWN AT THE PARK.



MINUTES LATER... I'LL SET UP THE MARSH-GAS PARTICLE ANALYSER JUST HERE.



WELL, AN INDUSTRIAL STRENGTH BEEF AND EGG PIE AND TWO LITRES OF SODA WATER. ROUNDS OFF MY PACKED LUNCH NICELY NOW ON TO THE TRAMPOLINE!



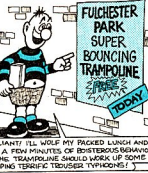
WITH THE BELGIAN GAS-HOUND AND THE WORKS MAN MISTAKE, TERRIBLE WE CAN LOCATE THE SOURCE AND THEN CALL THE DRILLING BOYS IN!



JOHNNY, WHY DON'T YOU GO OUT AND PLAY! WE WANT TO WATCH THE NEWS.

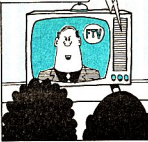


AW, BUT I WAS WATCHING THE "FUNNY JOKE LAUGHS SHOW"!



BRILLIANT! I'LL WOLF MY PACKED LUNCH AND THEN A FEW MINUTES OF BOSTEROUS BEHAVIOUR ON THE TRAMPOLINE SHOULD WORK UP SOME TRUMPING TERRIFIC TIDYUSER TYPHOONS!

THE WORLD'S STORES OF NATURAL FUELS ARE MUCH LOWER THAN HAD BEEN THOUGHT. EFFORTS ARE BEING MADE AROUND THE GLOBE TO FIND NEW RESERVES - EVEN HERE IN FULCHESTER.



IS IT ALL RIGHT IF I MAKE A PACKED LUNCH TO TAKE TO THE PARK MUM?



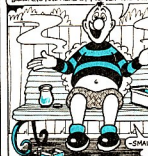
GLUED TO TELEVISION

MMM.



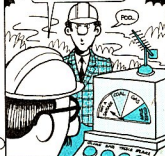
YES.

NOT FAR AWAY... BUT! A TIN OF GASOLINE AND A JAR OF GAWW BOUNCING AND ALREADY I'VE LET TWO MIDGETS GO!



SMALL BUT PERFECTLY PERFUMED.

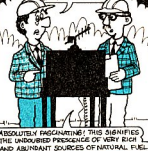
WELL... THE FOSSIL FUEL DETECTOR REGISTERS ABSOLUTELY NOTHING!



MMM... YES, BUT WHAT A PONG!



WE SEEM TO BE REGISTERING HIGH LEVELS OF HYDROGEN PUMPKINOL AND ALSO SOME TRACES OF METAL FOGKANE!



ABSOLUTELY FASCINATING! THIS SIGNIFIES THE UNDOUBTED PRESENCE OF VERY RICH AND ABUNDANT SOURCES OF NATURAL FUEL.

YOINKS!

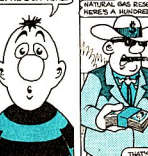


WHAT A CHUFF!

Y SAW! THIS MACHINE REGISTERS 2000 PARTS PER LUNAR OF ESTROTIMETRY BEAKOXIDE - THIS COULD BE THE LARGEST RESERVE OF NATURAL GAS IN THE WORLD!



OH MY, IT'S TEA-TIME, I'D BEST HEAD OFF HOME.



LATER... I'M FROM FUELING OIL AND WE'VE TRACED THE SOURCE OF LOCAL NATURAL GAS RESERVES TO YOUR PREMISES - HERE'S A HUNDRED POUNDS FOR THE RIGHTS.



THAT'S GREAT!



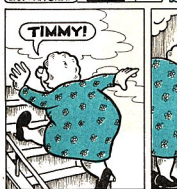
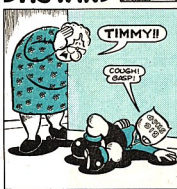
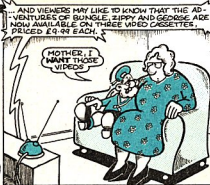
HO!HO! JOHNNY, HOW FUELISH!

HEEH! HEEH!

BAH!

DRILL! CHURN!

SPOILT BASTARD



BERTIE BLUNT

HIS
PARROTS
A
CUNT



BIRD SHOW
FULCHESTER TOWN HALL
3 P.M.
£100 FORT
BEST TALKING PARROT

GOR!
HERE'S OUR CHANCE TO EARN SOME EXTRA CASH!
MONEY FOR OLD FUCKIN' ROPE.

IT'S NEARLY THREE NOW! LET'S GET GOING PERCY...

TALLY-HO!

PERCY...?



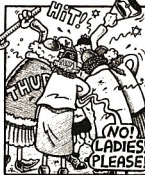
BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!
WALK YOU OLD BASTARD!
Y'GOT THE GREEN MAN!
WALK!



Y'KNOW PERCY, SOMEDAY THESE PRANKS ARE GOING TO HURT SOMEONE!



LOOK EVERYBODY! A PUFF! OVER ERE! A MINCING QUEEN! LET'S GET HIM!



EEC DROPS BREAKFAST

BOMBSHELL

Britain could soon be waving goodbye to the traditional British breakfast if our European colleagues in the EEC have their way. They plan to ban bangers and abolish bacon, replacing them with scrawny, unappealing 'continental breakfasts'.

Common Market food chiefs are already drawing up their plans for a standard European morning meal, and it could mean the end for our favourite British fry-ups. In 1992 stomachs will be turning up and down the country as we wake up to a plateful of ghastly Euro-nosh.

OUT will go bangers, bacon, fried egg, tea and toast.

IN will be coffee, croissants, onions and French bread.

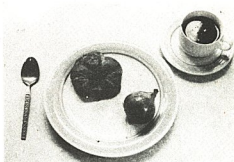
Chancellor of the Exchequer Nigel Lawson hopes to fight off European Breakfast Proposals at a meeting of EEC breakfast bosses in Brussels later this month. He'll have to do some tough talking to defend British breakfast tables, and is under firm instructions from Mrs Thatcher to stick up for the British banger.

GREASY

Leading the campaign for a united European morning meal are the French. As well as thick black coffee and greasy bread rolls, they will



The traditional British breakfast (left) could soon be replaced by the scrawny continental version on the right.



Mr. Lawson yesterday.

include garlic, snails and frog's legs on their international breakfast menu. But the scheme is also being opposed by the Belgians. They insist on stuffing themselves with cakes first thing in the morning.

JOIN IN THE FIGHT

We aren't going to sit back and watch our British breakfast disappear from breakfast tables throughout Britain. We're launching a campaign to Save Our Sausages. We're backing Britain's breakfast, and we want **YOU** to join the fight.

Help save our bacon by signing the declaration below, and sending it to the President of France.

To: The President of France, Paris, Europe.

Dear Sir

You can stick your 'continental breakfast' up your arse.

Signed _____

10 THINGS YOU NEVER KNEW ABOUT BREAKFAST

We all love a good old British breakfast. But how much do we really know about our first meal of the day? Tuck into these ten things you probably didn't know about your breakfast ...

1 Although our ancestors lost the Battle of Hastings, they did manage to destory the invading Normans' supply of croissants by setting them on fire, a scene which, as every schoolboy knows, was vividly depicted in the famous Bayeux Tapestry. After his victory in 1066, William the Conqueror was forced to sample the full English breakfast, and soon became addicted to bacon and eggs!

2 The word breakfast is Latin, and literally translated means to 'stop quickly'. Roman soldiers on the march were only allowed one minute to stop for their morning meal, hence the name.

3 Kelloggs, Britain's foremost breakfast manufacturers, are famous for the '57 varieties' of breakfast cereal. Nowadays they manufacture many more than 57 varieties, and some of them, such as Corn Flakes, they make especially for the Queen.

4 Reg Morris of Walsall, West Midlands, is Britain's biggest breakfast eater. He took only 3 minutes 10 seconds to eat 96

sausages for breakfast one morning in December 1986.

5 Kippers – a flat, bony kind of fish – are another of Reg's breakfast favourites. He scoffed 27 in just under 17 minutes in May 1988.

6 Reg is also a record breaker when it comes to eating frankfurters. He finished off 30 in 64 seconds on the 10th of December 1986. However, he had these for dinner.

7 Many old folk prefer a plateful of prunes to porridge, Weetabix or Puffa Puffa Rice. Gluttonous grans gulp down the dried plums to help make their bowel movements more regular.

8 A 'Breakfast TV' is a small, portable black and white television which can be viewed in the kitchen.

9 Breakfast has been the key ingredient in many recent pop successes, among them UB40's 'Breakfast In Bed', Supertramp's 'Breakfast In America', and countless hits by sixties chart toppers The Marmalade.

10 In Australia they enjoy breakfast – kangaroo sausages, bacon and emu eggs – last thing before they go to bed!

HEADING FOR A JAM

Britain's road's are bursting at the seams with traffic jams stretching the length and breadth of the nation. For in Britain today there are simply more cars per head of population than there are roads to drive them on. And that's a figure which looks set to double by the end of the decade.

These are just some of the startling figures revealed in a recent survey into the state of our roads. Each day **THIRTY MILLION** drivers slowly make their way to work, in London alone, their cars gobbling up enough petrol to fill the Thames Estuary **every fifteen seconds!** And by the year 2000 experts fear that traffic jams will have become longer than the roads themselves, with cars having to queue in fields, on pavements, in gardens and in every available space, with an average car journey taking anything up to six weeks.

WEALTH

Amazing when you consider that in 1973 only 1,062 people in Britain owned a car. But increased wealth, a need for greater mobility and an influx of cheap cars has led to enormous increases in the number of drivers in the last 15 years. And it leaves the Government facing the greatest threat Britain has encountered since the war.

STANDSTILL

Alarmed Ministry of Transport officials are already thought to be examining several emergency plans to prevent our roads coming to a complete standstill. Among ideas being discussed are believed to be plans for wider roads, or thinner, battery operated cars. Another suggestion under review is a reduction in the number of red traffic lights which are responsible for many of today's traffic hold ups.

VICTIM

However one man believes that the Government is already taking steps to reduce the number of cars on our roads by drastically cutting the number of people qualified to drive. And Arthur Blenkinsop, 52, believes that he has already been a victim of underhand tactics being adapted by the Ministry of Transport.

TEST

Mr Blenkinsop, an unemployed caretaker, claims that Ministry of Transport driving test examiners have been given

EXCLUSIVE

orders to **FAIL** perfectly competent drivers in order to reduce the number of cars on the road. And after failing his driving test on **32** separate occasions in the space of 5 years, he claims he has the evidence to prove it.

Government 'cheats' to prevent chaos on crowded roads

"Every time they come up with another cock and bull story about 'failing to stop at traffic lights' or 'failing to report an accident'. But I'm a perfectly good driver. I've held a provisional licence for over 12 years", Mr Blenkinsop told us. But now he believes he has identified the system being used by examiners to fail people at random. "The fifth or sixth time I failed it had been raining, so I was wearing a blue anorak. I remember it was a Tuesday because I'd had to sign on that morning. Later, in the pub, I was talking to a man who'd failed his test the week before, also on a Tuesday. It turned out that he had been wearing an almost identical anorak on the day of his test".

From that point onwards Arthur began to suspect he was the innocent victim of a Government campaign against would-be motorists, and he began making notes of the dates and what he had been wearing at the time of his tests. Before long a clear pattern had emerged.

ANORAK

"On Mondays they fail everybody", he told us. "On Tuesdays you fail if you're wearing an anorak, raincoat or a dark jacket. On Wednesdays you're failed if you wear glasses. On Thursdays all short people, and people aged over 50 are failed. And on Fridays they fail everyone whose name begins with B, N, G or F.



The shape of things to come - traffic jams like this will clog every street in Britain.

"Unfortunately they vary the days around to prevent people passing by changing their clothes on a particular day", Arthur told us.

PARKA

Arthur points to a letter which he found under a chair in the waiting room at his local Test Centre as evidence of the Government's top secret 'random failing' policy. The photocopy letter inarked 'Top Secret' and addressed to all driving examiners instructs them to fail all drivers wearing brown trousers during the month of August. It is signed by a leading Government official.

MACKINTOSH

Mr Blenkinsop intends to take his case to court in order to obtain justice, and will produce the letter as evidence of his maltreatment. "I simply want a driving licence, which I should have been given a long time ago, an apology from the Government and a refund of all the money I have had to, spend on test fees - some £500 in all", he told us.

BLAZER

A spokesman for the Driving Test Centre where Mr Blenkinsop failed his driving tests said he was unable to comment on individual cases, but told us that he was 'aware' of Mr Blenkinsop, and confirmed that he had been failed on several occasions. When our reporter turned up at the test centre wearing brown trousers and a blue anorak he was told that no test dates were available until the end of November.



Mr. Blenkinsop yesterday - "All I want is justice".

QUICK, IN THE HARBOR... IT'S

BRIAN TROUSERS



BIG VERN



WHAT WAS ALL THAT ABOUT?



IT'S THE FIRM. THEY'RE ONTO ME. ERNIE, MY NUMBER'S UP.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND! WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



BELIEVE ME ERNIE, THE LESS YOU KNOW, THE BETTER.

I'VE BEEN HOLED UP IN MY DRIVE FOR A FORTNIGHT. I'M GOING MAD.



I NEED TO TAKE A LONG WALK. ERNIE, I GOTTA GET OUT OF THE SMOKE TILL THE HEAT'S OFF.

YES... WELL... ANYWAY... IT'S MY COUSIN PETER'S WEDDING ON SATURDAY - AND WE'D LIKE YOU TO BE AN Usher.



NO CHANCE ERNIE, IT'S A SET-UP. YOU'RE TRYING TO PUT ME IN THE FRAME.



YOU'VE FINGERED ME ERNIE - HAVE YOU? YOU'RE ONE OF THEM! YOU'RE ON THE PAYROLL!

BUT VERN - I WORK FOR BRITISH TELECOM.



YOU'D BETTER BE GIVING ME IT STRAIGHT ERNIE, OR YOU'RE YESTERDAY'S NEWS.

NO VERN, HONESTLY, WE'D LOVE TO SEE YOU THERE.



OKAY ERNIE, SO WE PLAY IT YOUR WAY.

I KNOW A DRIVER WHO'S A REAL TASTY GEEZER - SHOOTER, THE WHOLE BIT.



NO, THAT'S ALRIGHT VERN.

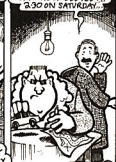
THE CAR IS ALREADY BOOKED & HE'S PICKING THE BRIDE UP AT HALF PAST TWO.

YEAH? WELL, HE BETTER BE GOOD. THE WHOLE THING'S GOTTA RUN LIKE A SWISS CLOCK.



DOS IF YOU FLAKE ON THE DAY, WE'LL BE PICKING THE BRIDE UP AT THE END OF A TEN STRETCH IN CHOICE.

RIGHT YOU ARE THEN VERN, WE'LL SEE YOU AT 2.30 ON SATURDAY.



SATURDAY ARRIVES...



INSIDE...



AH! IS THERE, VERN? GLAD YOU COULD MAKE IT. WHAT LOVELY FLOWERS.

BUTTON IT, YOU MUG. YOU DON'T KNOW ME, AND I DON'T KNOW YOU.



SHHH!

NOW THEN, DO WE HAVE THE RING?



THE RING? CAN I HAVE THE RING?



ERM....



GET DAHN ERNIE! HE'S GOING FOR HIS PICE!



BASTARD! GAAA! SOMEONE CALL THE POLICE!



POLICE? YOU'VE GOT ME UP ERNIE, YOU'VE STITCHED ME UP GOOD AND PROPER.



NO! VERN! AND YOU'RE COMING WITH ME!



WELL THERE AIN'T NO SHOTS SOUJALING TO THIS FLITH HERE, I'M GOING TO... THIS TRIP IS STRICTLY ONE WAY, ERNIE...

KI-BOOM!

RELIVE THOSE TREASURED WARTIME MEMORIES

World

IT'S JUST LIKE
THE REAL THING

WAR IS DECLARED

September 1939 and British premier Neville Chamberlain returns from Munich. He has in his hand a piece of paper, signed by Hitler, saying that the war will begin in Poland at 11 o'clock the next day.

ALL THE ACTION OF A WAR

It's been fifty years, almost to the day, since our proud nation marched to to defeat the evil Nazi menace. And now, to commemorate our marvellous victory, and as a tribute to our brave boys who gallantly gave their all, we are proud to present this limited edition luxury board game for you to cut out and keep.

Relive those magic memories. The ups and downs, the joys and heartaches, all the excitement of World War II. **RUN** for the shelters as the bombs begin. **SCRAMBLE** your Spitfire to prepare to do battle in the sky. It's **ALL HANDS ON DECK** as torpedoes fly.

EVACUATION

Thousands of school children, armed with a gas-mask and a years' supply of sandwiches, wave goodbye to their families and board trains bound for the safety of the Welsh countryside. It will be years until they are able to return to their homes.

RULES

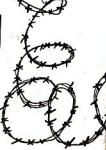
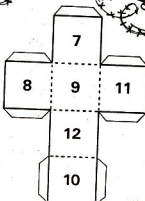
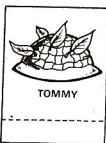
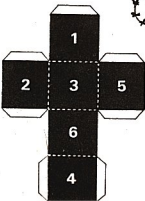
It's a game for 2 players. Toss a coin to decide who is the British, and who will be the evil Nazi menace. Cut out and assemble your dice and markers. The black dice is for the Germans, the white one for the British.

Place your markers on the 'Start' line. The Germans go first because they started the war. Take turns at throwing your dice and moving your marker the appropriate number of places. The first player to reach the 'Finish' line wins the war.

Friends or relatives can join in by singing favourite wartime songs in the background. So why not pack up your troubles in your old kit bag, and smile your way to victory once again.



Evil Nazi bombs rain down on London, but in the bus shelters and underground stations goes on as usual. Meanwhile London burns, the Queen Mother tends to the injured.



A NOSTALGIC BOARD GAME FOR TWO PLAYERS

War - II

AND EXCITEMENT AT WAR

an enemy U-boat hit home. Yes, **HOLD TIGHT** as you prepare to parachute into occupied Europe as the fight-back begins.

But its not all blood and guts. Remember the good times? The sing-alongs around the piano in crowded bomb shelters. Dame Vera Lynn raising our hearts with her nightingale voice. And those fleeting wartime romances with gallant soldiers home on leave. Yes, they were happy times as well as sad. And now you can relive them all in this exciting, action-packed board game.

D-DAY

At last Britain bounces back! An armada of small boats, private yachts, ferries, fishing boats and rubber dinghies set sail for Dunkirk. On board thousands of British troops eager to have a crack at the krauts. Within days Berlin has fallen.



THE GOOD OLD DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN

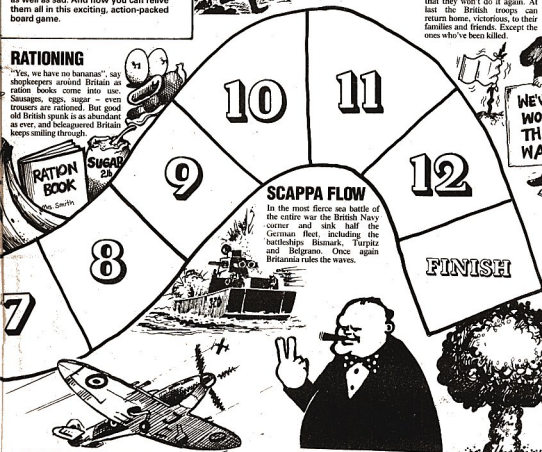
THE GERMAN SURRENDER

Hitler throws in the towel, and Germany surrenders, promising that they won't do it again. At last the British troops can return home, victorious, to their families and friends. Except the ones who've been killed.



RATIONING

"Yes, we have no bananas", say shopkeepers around Britain as ration books come into use. Sausages, eggs, sugar - even trousers are rationed. But good old British spunk is as abundant as ever, and beleaguered Britain keeps smiling through.



SCAPPA FLOW

In the most fierce sea battle of the entire war the British Navy corner and sink half the German fleet, including the battleships Bismark, Turpitz and Belgrano. Once again Britannia rules the waves.



THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN

The skies above England are filled with the sound of fierce 'dog fighting' as a handful of gutsy British Spitfire pilots, out-numbered ten to one by their evil Nazi counterparts, make short work of the German Luftwaffe.



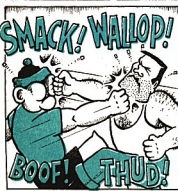
VICTORY

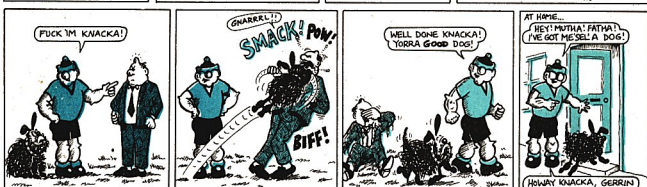
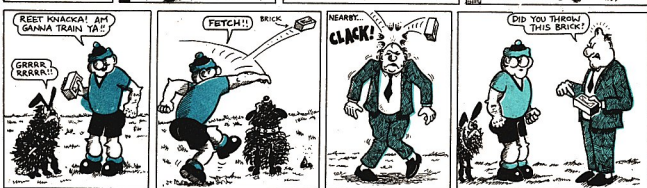
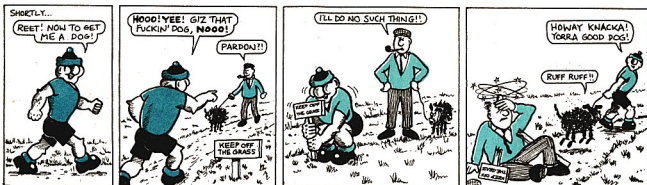
We won the war again, but just to be sure America drops an atom bomb on Hiroshima.



SWEARING AND VIOLENCE GALORE, IN

BIFFA'S BIRTHDAY





HUGH PHAMISM

HE'LL ALWAYS CALL A SPADE A YOU KNOW WHAT.

HUGH IS ENTERTAINING HIS GIRLFRIEND AT A HIGH-CLASS RESTAURANT...



ERM... I WAS JUST THINKING... I'VE GOT SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS.



OF COURSE SIR, YOU WILL FIND A PUBLIC TELEPHONE IN THE LOBBY.



NO, NO, YOU SEE I NEED TO PUT THE CAT OUT.

AH, I SEE, AND YOU WISH TO HURRY HOME FOR THIS PURPOSE, I WILL FETCH YOUR BILL, AND CALL A TAXI, SIR.



HUGH, MUST YOU INSIST ON THESE RIDICULOUS PERFORMANCES EVERY TIME WE GO ANYWHERE?



EXCUSE ME, BUT IS THERE A PROBLEM AT ALL SIR?



YOU CANNOT CONSUME YOUR OWN FOOD ON THE PREMISES.



LOOK HUGH, WHY DON'T YOU JUST TELL THE WAITER WHAT YOU'RE ON ABOUT.

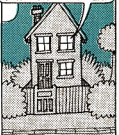


LISTEN, WHY DON'T YOU JUST PAY THE BILL AND STOP BEHAVING LIKE A TWAT?!



LATER ON...

HUGH, IF YOU WOULDN'T BEAT ABOUT THE BUSH THIS SORT OF THING WOULDN'T HAPPEN.



THE SMELL ON THE BUS WAS DISGUSTING!

I COULDN'T HELP IT, BESIDES, I WAS THE ONE WHO HAD TO SIT IN IT ALL THE WAY HOME.



ERM... I WAS JUST THINKING - SEEING AS I'VE GOT MY THOUGHTS OFF YOU MIGHT LIKE TO DO SOMETHING WITH ME.



I THOUGHT WE COULD ENGAGE IN THE LAST FORM OF SOCIAL CONTACT.



I COULD TOUCH YOUR NAUGHTY BITS - YOU KNOW - YOUR LADY BUMPS.



I CAN'T DO IT WITH YOU HUGH.

WHY NOT?
BECAUSE I'VE GOT WOMEN'S THINGS.



BUT IT'S BECAUSE YOU'VE GOT WOMEN'S THINGS THAT I WANT TO DO IT WITH YOU.



IT'S OFF GAMES WEEK, HUGH.

OH, DID YOU FORGET YOUR KIT?



LES ANGLAIS SONT ARRIVÉS!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER...



MR LOGIC

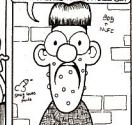
BEING AS THIS
TITLE IMPLIES AS IT
PERTAINS TO
MYSELF IS
FACTUALLY
CORRECT.
I CAN PRESENT
NO PROVISIONS FOR
FURTHER COMMENT.

WHAT A

AH YES, WHAT I BELIEVED AT FIRST MAY
HAVE BEEN RULED OUT BY THE COMMON
HUMAN LOUSE TRANSMITS TO BE A MORE
SPECIALISED FORM OF PUBLIC LOUSE. THIS
IS MOST INTERESTING.



(IN ORDER TO RID MY PUBLIC HAIR
OF SAID PARASITES I FEEL A VISIT
TO AN ESTABLISHMENT SPECIALISING
IN SEXUALLY TRANSMITTED DISEASES
WOULD BE EFFECTIVE. THOUGH
I'M STRICT TERMS INVESTIGATION
BY PARASITES IS NOT A DISEASE.)



So...
Primum... THIS IS
THE SEXUALLY TRANSMITTED
DISEASES CLINIC.



I NOW APPAR TO BE SUFFERING
CONSIDERABLE DISCOMFORT CAUSED
BY AN UNKNOWN IRRITANT. THE
IRRITATION APPEARS TO CENTRE
AROUND MY GENITALIA - IN THE
ENTRANCES OF MY PUBIS.



PERHAPS SO. I HAVE ACQUIRED
AN INFESTATION OF PUBLIC
PARASITES AND I AM DESIROUS
OF THEIR REMOVAL.



IF YOU HAVE A SEAT THE DOCTOR
WILL SEE YOU IN A FEW MINUTES.



DUE TO YOUR PRESENCE HERE I TAKE
IT YOU ARE SUFFERING FROM A SEXUALLY
RELATED MEDICAL PROBLEM. PERHAPS
YOU WOULD LIKE TO DESCRIBE TO ME HOW
THIS CAME ABOUT, OR DESCRIBE SOME OF
YOUR SYMPTOMS.



I HAVE PUBLIC LICE. I HAVE ONLY BEEN INVOLVED
IN ONE SEXUAL ENCOUNTER - THEREFORE THE
DEDUCTION CAN BE MADE THAT I ACQUIRED SAID
LICE FROM THE PROSTITUTE I TRAP MONTHS
AGO FOR CONJUGATION.



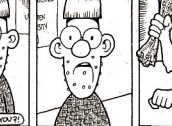
DO YOU KNOW WHICH PARTICULAR SEXUALLY
TRANSMITTED DISEASE OR ASSOCIATED CONDITION
YOU ARE SUFFERING FROM? PERHAPS YOU HAVE
NON SPECIFIC URETHRITIS OR SYPHILIS. WOULD
YOU LIKE TO SEE MY PUBLIC LICE? THEY
ARE MOST INTERESTING.



MOST VENEREAL DISEASES CAN
BE CURED WITH ANTI-BIOTICS.
HOWEVER, THERE WILL NO DOUBT
BE A THOROUGH EXAMINATION OF
YOUR GENITALS BEFORE DIAGNOSIS.



PERHAPS YOU HAVE
DISCHARGES OR OTHER, WEIRD
OR OTHER, WEIRD SOUNDS.



SHOTUP!



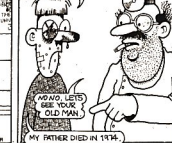
JUST THEN... JOHN P. SMITH?
... NOT ... JOHN
R. SMITH? ... NOT ... ALFRED
BLOGGS? ... NOT ... hummm



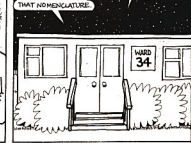
FREDERICK BLOGGS, ... NOT ...
OR WELL, EVERYONE SEEMS TO
HAVE GONE. WELL, THE DOCTOR
WILL SEE YOU NOW SIR.



WELL THEN, LET'S SEE THE PATIENT.
I AM THE PATIENT.



3 DAYS LATER... COME ALONG NOW, LET'S
SEE JOHN THOMAS.



IS THIS THE MAN

Over millions of years, since the dawn of time began, man has constantly undergone change, adapting to meet the challenges of his ever-changing environment.

From the moment millions of years ago when fish-like men first crawled out of the sea man has continued to undergo a series of dramatic evolutionary changes that have altered our physical appearance beyond recognition. From small lobster shaped aquatic creatures, through four legged monkey, ape and eventually human form, man has come full circle on the evolutionary roundabout of change.

BODIES

So what future lies ahead for the human race? How will our bodies respond to changes in the environment? What will man look like in the year 2000? With the help of science, perhaps we can answer that question.

BERRIES

Study of prehistoric remains show clearly that man's **ARMS** are getting shorter. There was a time many years ago when prehistoric man picked berries from tall trees, and walked with his long arms dragging on the ground behind him. Today our arms aren't nearly as long, fitting comfortably into our trouser pockets. Experts believe that with less demands being made on arms nowadays they will continue to shorten, making our obsolete elbows things of the past.

BUSIER

Unlike our arms, **HANDS** have become busier. Man has entered the computer age, and our ten fingers work flat out to operate the growing keyboards that



A man as we see him today.

larger computers demand. The fingers of the future will be shorter - perhaps with only one joint - but there will be lots more of them. Perhaps as many as ten on each hand.

BRAINS

Our **HEAD** is the heaviest part of our body. But like the cumbersome computers of the fifties and sixties, our bulky **BRAINS** will soon be consigned to nature's dustbin. Instead man will think **10 MILLION** times as quickly, and have a memory capable of storing every phone number in the London telephone directory. Microscopic brains the size of a pinhead will be nature's answer to the micro chip. Man's head will, as a result, be much smaller - about the size of a golf ball, and according to the experts will be mounted on a long, flexible neck, not dissimilar to a giraffe's.

In the future man will look back and laugh at the primitive forms of communication we use today. Old fashioned speech will be as redundant as the cave man's spear. Instead we will have developed **RADAR EARS**, looking more like satellite dishes than the ears we see today. And our poor eyesight will be unheard of. Man will be using **INFRA RED VISION**. 'Remote control' eyes will send out an invisible beam - similar to



Commuting to work will only take seconds - an artists impression of man in the year 2000.

the TV controls we use today - and high quality 'flat screen' TV pictures will be produced inside your head, complete with Ceefax. Spectacles will become museum pieces in the year 2000. If your vision becomes blurred, simply change your batteries!

BISCUITS

Man's **TEETH** have become increasingly small through the ages. The 7 inch razor sharp teeth of our cave man ancestors disappeared along with the dinosaurs they were

used for eating. As man's diet has evolved, so have his teeth. Now we have smaller, flat teeth for chewing potatoes, rice and biscuits. More convenience foods, combined with a need for faster eating, will produce small, dolphin-like teeth, inside a streamlined, 'duck' bill. And there'll be a pelican style pouch for storing food for short periods.

BREASTS

Bad news for dentists in the year 2000. 'Self drilling' teeth will automatically fill themselves while you sleep, in a totally painless operation, using special chemicals secreted by dental glands in the mouth.

BOTTOMS

The digestive system of the future will be so efficient that man will have no waste products to dispose of. **BOTTOMS** will be for seating purposes only - a kind of flesh filled 'beanbag', providing a comfortable seat no matter where you are.



OF THE FUTURE?

Many people today suffer from rheumatism and troublesome knee joints. Nature's way of telling us that the **LEGS** of today simply aren't up to scratch. New modern legs will see knees replaced by telescopic, spring loaded joints, enabling man to leap, kangaroo-like, over huge distances at speeds of up to 300 miles per hour. Our **FEET** and **ANKLES** will look more like aeroplane undercarriages than the smelly and uncomfortable contraptions we walk on today. Axles will replace creaking ankle joints, and

smooth running caster wheels will spring up where once we had toes.

BARNSELEY

It's hard to believe that in the course of time such incredibly complex physical change can take place. But these developments are nothing compared to those which have already occurred over man's brief history on Earth. We cannot hope to ever fully understand nature. We can but marvel at this incredible evolutionary balancing act that we call life.

What the stars think...

We decided to ask a few well-known celebrities how they'd react to meeting the Man Of The Future.

Bubbly 'Hi-De-Hi' actress **SUE POLLARD**, alias "Miss Cathcart", wasn't in when we called, however a spokesman revealed that Miss Pollard was fully booked until Christmas, and could be seen starring in Dick Whittington at the Bristol Hippodrome until the end of the season.

"No I would not", said former British motor racing champ **JACKIE STEWART** when asked whether he'd like to race against the man of the future. Jackie's racing driver son Paul may well be more enthusiastic, but he was unavailable for comment.

American pop Queen **DONNA SUMMER**, recently back in the charts with hits like 'I Don't Wanna Get Hurt' and 'Love's About To Change', was saying nothing. "This whole thing sounds rather childish and far-fetched," a spokesman for her record company told us.



OPINION with CHARLES PONTOON



The Man who Speaks his Mind

So the Princess Royal and Captain Mark Phillips are to separate. Sad news indeed, but I for one applaud their courageous decision. They are after all only human, and they suffer the same emotions and conflicts as any other married couple. They are entitled to make their own decision, and we must respect it.

But who paid for their wedding, anyway? Yes, that's right, YOU and ME. Joe Muggins, that's who. And were we invited? Like hell we were. And now they have the nerve to throw it back in our faces.

Well I for one won't stand for it. If they don't like each other, then they shouldn't have got married in the first place.



Once again we must all hang our heads in shame as thugs masquerading as football fans bring disgrace upon our nation, this time on Swedish soil. These louts shouldn't be allowed out of their homes, never mind out of the country.

But what did the Swedish police do when confronted by these hooligans? That's right. They turned tail and ran.

If they can't handle a few of our boys having a ball of fun, they shouldn't be playing international football.

They should stick to what they're good at - making cuckoo clocks and Lego.



Beethoven, Michelangelo, Hans Christian Anderson. All great Europeans who have enriched countless lives with their work. And in 1992 Britain will become a part of that great European community.

We must endeavour to make that relationship work for everyone's benefit.

But already they tell us we can't strike our own children, make us wear seatbelts in our own cars, and ask us to carry stupid pink passports. Next they plan to take away our British currency - money that we've worked hard all our lives for - and replace it with a 'European Monetary Unit'. What poppycock.

There's only one currency that these foreigners understand, and we dropped it on Dresden forty-five years ago.



MENTAL METAL MAYHEM MANIA!

~Psycho Death Thrash Monsters Storm Top Ten

Big money continues to roll in to the Viz Top Ten in the wake of last issue's sensational £200 No. 1. And it's no-holds-barred psycho death metal thrash acid house maniac rockers **NAPALM DEATH**, who steal the show this time round with a blistering bribe of £250.

That's enough to thrust their manic head banging drug crazed EP 'Mentally Murdered' straight in at No. 1. A spokesman for the fast and furious fire breathing five piece told us the band were on tour in November together with hardcore cohorts **MORBID ANGEL**, **CARCASS** and **BOLTHROWER**. They promise an evening of good, clean family entertainment - tunes you can whistle to - at the following venues: November 9th Preston Guildhall, 10th Manchester International 2, 11th Glasgow QMU, 12th Birmingham Hummingbird, 14th Nottingham Rock City, 16th London Kilburn National. Tickets priced £5.50 (London £6.50).



Well loaded - £69.

WELL LOADED aren't any more. They had to fork out £69 to pay for third place, while Scotsmen **REFORM CLUB** threw forty quid to the wind, but it was enough to put their current EP in fourth place.

THE AMERICAN RUSE aren't from America, and they're not from Southern England either. They were second top in our June chart when we described them as 'Southerners'. The band promptly complained. They are in fact from Scunthorpe, in the West Midlands. This time round they elected to split their bribe between two

records, and end up with 5th and 9th places.

There's an obscure and tenuous underwater connection between the bands at No. 7 and 8. **RANCID HELL SPAWN** and **CATFISH THERAPY** both have fish associated words in their names. Catfish Therapy's debut 12" is available from North East record shops, while 'Hell Spawn's LP is still available by post for a fiver from Wrench Records, BCM Box 4049, London WC1N 3XX. Having slipped from 4th to 7th place in this issue, it will take a substantial bribe to prevent it disappearing from the chart altogether next time round.

'Very Rude Songs For Very Rude People, Volume 1', is a collection of side-splitting, saucy and at times obscene rugby songs. However, accompanied by a bribe of only £19.89 it failed to make the chart. If the publishers of this hilariously funny tape send us another £50 cash, we'll publish the address from which their incredibly amusing cassette can be purchased, for only £7.95 including post and packaging.

London's **BOMB PARTY** had no luck either. They sent 60,000 Italian lira in the hope of getting their single 'Sugar Sugar' into the chart. But as regular readers will already know **foreign money doesn't count**. We accept sterling only, preferably cash, and all bribes must be sent to our Top Ten address which is Viz Top Ten, PO Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT. Regrettably we cannot accept any form of gifts. It's strictly cash only.

•The Viz TOP Ten•



Manic death crazy rockers Napalm Death yesterday.

1	NAPALM DEATH <i>Mentally Murdered</i>	£250.00
2	BOOBY BIRDS <i>Let Them Fly Free</i>	£99.99
3	WELL LOADED <i>Sun Don't Shine</i>	£69.00
4	REFORM CLUB <i>Book of Reasons Parts 2-4</i>	£40.50
5	GOD'S LITTLE MONKEYS <i>New Maps of Hell</i>	£29.64
6	AMERICAN RUSE <i>I Need You</i>	£25.79
7	RANCID HELL SPAWN <i>Jumpin' Jack Flesh</i>	£21.21
8	CATFISH THERAPY <i>The Harm That You Do</i>	£21.00
9	AMERICAN RUSE <i>Death by the Gun</i>	£20.17
10	SKABOOM <i>The Plan</i>	£20.00

FORGET-ME- -NOT



Who knows what fate has in store for us? Love comes out of the blue, or so they say. That was certainly the case for one young couple who one day bumped into each other... quite literally.

For a few seconds, the couple stood dazed...



WE MUST BE SUFFERING FROM AMNESIA — A TOTAL LOSS OF MEMORY — CAUSED BY THE BUMP ON OUR HEADS.

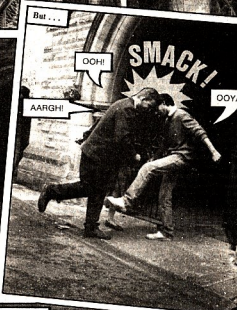


PERHAPS WE SHOULD WALK AROUND A LITTLE. SEE IF WE REMEMBER ANYTHING.



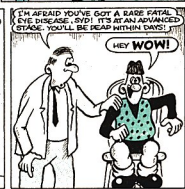
They chatted for what seemed like hours...





SUICIDAL SYD

HE'S ALWAYS TRYING TO POP HIS CORK



ZIP O'LIGHTNING

13-YEAR OLD CURLY TOMKINS' DREAM OF MEETING A REAL-LIFE ALIEN FROM ANOTHER PLANET HAD ALWAYS BEEN GREETED WITH SCORN BY HIS SCHOOLMATES. BUT THEIR LAUGHTER DIDN'T BOTHER HIM ANY MORE - NOT SINCE HE HAD BECOME FIRM FRIENDS WITH ZIP O'LIGHTNING, THE BOY FROM MARS!



IT ALL BEGAN ONE ORDINARY DAY AFTER SCHOOL...

LOOK! THAT STRANGE GLOW IN THE SKY... IT-IT'S A U.F.O!

IT'S A STREETLAMP.

LOOK, STOP HANGING ROUND US TOMKINS, YOU FUCKING WEIRDO!

THERE ARE SUCH THINGS AS FLYING SAUCERS! I'LL SHOW THEM ONE DAY!

JUST THEN -

HEY, YOU! I'M A MARTIAN, RIGHT, AND THIS IS MY SPACESHIP. I'VE JUST CRASH-LANDED ON YOUR PLANET WITHOUT ANY MONEY OR FOOD, AND STUFF.

GOOSH!

CORNFLAKES

THE INTER-STARLAR YOUTH'S NAME WAS ZIP O'LIGHTNING, AND HE EXPLAINED TO THE WIDE-EYED CURLY HOW THE ENGINES ON HIS CARDBOARD-BOX-LIKE SPACESHIP HAD FAILED WHEN HE WAS CRUISING PAST THE EARTH'S ORBIT~ LEAVING HIM HUNGRY AND ALONE ON AN ALIEN PLANET!

DON'T WORRY ZIP, COME WITH ME - I'LL BE YOUR PAL!

SHORTLY, AT CURLY'S HOUSE -

HELP YOURSELF, ZIP - THERE'S PLENTY THERE!

WHERE'D YOU KEEP THE BEER?

I'LL USE THIS STEREO FOR SPARE PARTS TO FIX MY SHIP. GOT ANY MORE ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT?

THERE'S A TV AND VIDEO IN THE OTHER ROOM!

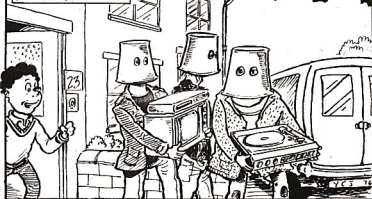
RIGHT, YOU GET THE STUFF TOGETHER WHILE I PHONE UP SOME ALIEN MECHANICS WHO LIVE NEAR HERE, TO COLLECT IT.

ALIEN MECHANICS LIVING RIGHT HERE IN BARTLEPOOL! TREMBLING WITH EXCITEMENT, CURLY RUSHED ROUND THE HOUSE, GATHERING ALL THE ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES HE COULD FIND.

I BROUGHT SOME THINGS FROM UPSTAIRS, TOO!

NICE WORK, CURLY.

WITHIN MINUTES ZIP'S EXTRATERRESTRIAL FRIENDS HAD ARRIVED



COME ON ZIP, I'LL SHOW YOU ROUND— THIS NEW ENVIRONMENT MUST SEEM PRETTY STRANGE TO YOU!

YEAH, RIGHT.



VROOOM!

CURLY LISTENED ENTHRALLED AS HIS SPACE-TRAVELLING CHUM TOLD HIM OF EXOTIC CIVILISATIONS ON DISTANT PLANETS; AND HE WAS PROUD HIS COULD BE WHEN ZIP HONoured HIM WITH THE CEREMONIAL MARTIAN GESTURE OF FRIENDSHIP...

KNUT!

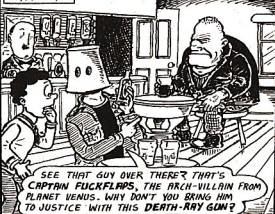


NOW, FOR THE SECOND PART OF THE CEREMONY YOU TAKE ME TO A PUB AND BUY ME SEVERAL PINTS OF LAGER.

OKAY, ZIP.



SO, SHORTLY...



SEE THAT GUY OVER THERE? THAT'S CAPTAIN FUCKFLAPS, THE ARCH-VILLAIN FROM PLANET VENUS. WHY DON'T YOU BRING HIM TO JUSTICE WITH THIS DEATH-RAY GUN?

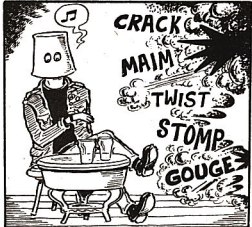
THE YOUNG EARTH BOY COULD HARDLY BELIEVE HIS EARS! COULD THAT SEEMINGLY ORDINARY VICIOUS TRUG REALLY BE AN INTERGALACTIC CERNAL? CLUTCHING THE BOTTLE-SHAPED GUN, CURLY BOLDLY CROSSED THE ROOM...



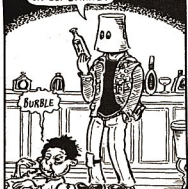
ALL RIGHT, FUCKFLAPS— I'M TAKING YOU IN!



CRACK
MAIM
TWIST
STOMP
GOUGE



HMM, THE SAFETY CATCH MUST HAVE JAMMED, OR SOMETHING.



TELL YOU WHAT—I'LL SELL YOU THIS PACKET OF MARTIAN CURE-ALL TABLETS FOR TEN GUID: THEY'LL MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER.



EVEN AS HE LAY BLEEDING, CURLY FELT A SURGE OF HAPPINESS. HE WOULD NEVER BE LONELY AGAIN. FOR NOW HE HAD A REAL PAL, A PAL FROM BEYOND THE STARS—ZIP O'LIGHTNING!



Billy the Fish

FULCHESTER'S RESOUNDING VICTORY OVER GRIMBLETON HAD SECURED THEIR PROMOTION BACK INTO THE 1st DIVISION. BUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CELEBRATIONS, STEADY WITH PRESS AGENTS ABOUT MANAGER TOMMY BROWN'S PRIVATE LIFE LOOK SET TO FORCE HIS RESIGNATION...





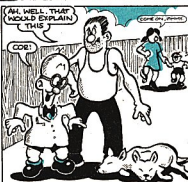
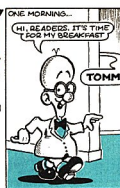
ROGER IRRELEVANT

'HE'LL ALWAYS CALL
A SPADE A FROG'



TOMMY SALTER'S

C6H12O6
Chemical Capers



BILLY DING DONG

Quiz

BILLY AND GLENDA HAVE INVITED FRIENDS TO DINNER

